

把谢谢说给雨天听

老师们、同学们：大家好！我是五年级二班的陈小满。今天我在国旗下讲话的题目是《把谢谢说给雨天听》。

先讲一件旧事。去年夏天，放学时雨大得像有人往天上倒水。我没带伞，站在教学楼拐角发愁。班主任路过，把手里的黑伞塞进我手里，说：你家远，先拿去。我还没来得及推辞，她已经抱着一摞作业本冲进雨里，跑到办公楼门口时，后背的衬衫贴在身上，作业本却举过头顶，一页都没湿。第二天我把伞还给她，伞骨上还有泥点，她的桌上多了一盒润喉糖——那是我们全班凑钱买的，因为她那几天嗓子哑了。

雨天里接过的帮助，远不止这一把伞。值周的校工爷爷在器材室翻出一件旧雨衣，抖了抖灰，披在我身上，说娃你别冻着；同桌把他家的干鞋垫塞给我，自己踩着湿鞋走了一整天；食堂阿姨在我打饭时多舀了一勺热汤，说淋了雨，喝点烫的。这些事单个看都小，攒在一起，就是一个雨天里全部的暖。

我以前觉得，别人帮了我，心里记着就行了，说不说谢谢都一样。后来我发现不是这样。我把谢谢说给校工爷爷听的时候，他愣了一下，笑得眼睛都眯起来了，腰板挺得比平时直。原来一声谢谢，能让帮人的人高兴一整天。

所以今天，我想代表同学们向全校发个邀请：我们来做一个游戏，从这周起，每个人记下别人为自己做的一件小事，当面把谢谢说出来；同时自己也去做一件小事，借半把伞，递一条干毛巾，扶一下没站稳的同学。雨天会过去，可我们说出口的谢谢、伸出去的手，会留在别人的记忆里，像伞一样，下次下雨的时候，被别人撑起来。

把谢谢说给雨天听，把温暖交给下一个人。我的讲话完了，谢谢大家！

Saying Thank You to the Rain

Teachers and fellow students: Hello everyone! I am Chen Xiaoman from Class Two, Grade Five. The title of my speech under the national flag today is Saying Thank You to the Rain.

Let me start with an old story. Last summer, at dismissal time, the rain fell as if someone were pouring water down from the sky. I had no umbrella and stood worried at the corner of the teaching building. Our homeroom teacher walked by and pressed her black umbrella into my hands, saying: your home is far, take it first. Before I could refuse, she was already dashing into the rain with a stack of exercise books in her arms. When she reached the office building, her shirt clung to her back, but the books were held above her head, not a page wet. The next day I returned the umbrella to her; there were still specks of mud on its ribs. A box of throat lozenges appeared on her desk, bought with money pooled by our whole class, because her voice had been hoarse for days.

The help I received on rainy days goes far beyond that one umbrella. The elderly groundskeeper on duty dug an old raincoat out of the equipment room, shook off the dust, and put it on my shoulders, saying: kid, don't catch a chill. My deskmate stuffed me a pair of dry insoles from home and walked the whole day in wet shoes himself. The lunch lady ladled me an extra spoonful of hot soup when I got my meal, saying: you got rained on, drink something hot. Each of these things is small alone; piled together, they are all the warmth one rainy day can hold.

I used to think that if someone helped me, keeping it in my heart was enough, and saying thank you made no difference. Later I found that is not true. When I said thank you to the groundskeeper, he froze for a moment, then smiled until his eyes squinted shut, and he stood straighter than usual. A single thank you can make the helper happy for an entire day.

So today, on behalf of my classmates, I want to invite the whole school to a game. Starting this week, everyone writes down one small thing someone did for you, and say thank you to their face; at the same time, do one small thing yourself, share half an umbrella, hand someone a dry towel, steady a classmate who is slipping. The rainy days will pass, but the thank yous we speak and the hands we reach out will stay in other people's memories, like umbrellas, picked up by someone else the next time it rains.

Say thank you to the rain, and pass the warmth to the next person. That ends my speech. Thank you all!